

TWELVE

HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN, FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1917.

Dorothy Dix Talks

WHAT IS LOVE?
By DOROTHY DIX
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

UPON no other subject in the world have we been misled into so many erroneous beliefs as we have as to what love is.

Poets and romancers, the self-confessed authorities on the matter, have used up many a barrel of ink and wasted many tons of good, white paper, picturing it to us as a sort of dope dream—a trance of ecstatic bliss in which we experience strange thrills, see pink rods and goddesses in ordinary, commonplace men and women, and are otherwise afflicted with hallucinations.

According to these false prophets, love is wholly a matter of the emotions and a state of temperature. They describe it as a vague, intangible feeling over which we have no more control than we have over the wind, which goeth and cometh as it listeth—and mostly goeth—and which, like the wind, is equally liable to kiss our cheek with a soft caress or blow us to pieces.

This fallacious doctrine has been the cause of many confounding people mistaking a mild attack of chills and fever for the grand passion, and contracting marriages from which they suffer ever after. It has also furnished a blanket excuse under which myriads of little, mean souled individuals have tried to cover up some of the most despicable traits in the human character by claiming they were the result of love. Still other men and women have been so confused by all of these mysterious theories about love that they have been at a loss to diagnose their own symptoms, and tell whether they are in love or not.

Bluff and nonsense! Love is not mysterious. It is one of the most practical and concrete things on earth, and there is no difficulty in knowing whether one is in love or not, or whether one is loved. There is one test that never fails to show whether sentiment is pure gold or blacklead.

For this is the real definition of love: Real love is the feeling we entertain towards another that makes us prefer that other above ourselves; that makes us think of that other's happiness before we think of our own; that makes us find our own happiness in ministering to another.

This is the only, real, genuine, blown-in-the-bottle brand of love. All others are spurious counterfeits. Real love is unselfishness. It is sacrifice. It is not selfishness. It is not poetry, nor romance, nor fine speech, nor hot and cold flasks when you hear certain footstep approaches, nor an aching void in your breast when you are parted from some particular man or woman. It is what you are willing to do for that man or woman. It is the way you treat that particular man or woman when you are with him or her.

If your own thought is to make that man or woman happy, if your own thought is to advance his or her interest and well being, and you count every sacrifice sweet that you make for him or her, then you love.

But if your whole desire is to possess another, to monopolize him or her regardless of whether or not you are brightening his or her life; if you permit your jealousies to turn you into a jealous who makes a prisoner of another; if you are bound to have your own tyrannical way no matter who suffers, then, indeed, you love, but it is yourself you love. Not the other. That other only exists so far as he or she ministers to your own happiness and comfort and pleasure. You are supremely selfish and egotistical and no egotist can be a real lover.

It is queer how many crimes are committed in the name of love, and how many people honestly think they love another when the only real passion they will ever know or that they are capable of experiencing in their self-centered hearts, is for themselves.

THIS WOMAN TOLD TO CHOOSE

Between Operation and Death. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Des Moines, Iowa.—"My husband says I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and got me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BLANCHETTE J. JENNINGS, 733 Lyon St., Des Moines.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from highly purified roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved its value in such female troubles as irregularities, pain, and suffering in the menstrual system.

I know a girl who is married to a brilliant young lawyer. He is ambitious and keen to get on in his profession, and he has explained to his young wife that in order to do this he must study at night at home. But the minute he gets out a book or paper and begins to work, she begins to weep.

"I can't bear it," she wails. "I want you to hold my hand and tell me how much you love me. You are away all day and I do nothing but sit and think how much I love you, and then, when you come home you get out that horrible old book and absorb yourself in it so much that you might just as well be down at your hateful office."

The husband tries to explain to her the necessity of his studying if he is to succeed and keep up with his competitors, but she cries out that she doesn't care whether he succeeds or not, that all that she wants is just him. And when she thus tries to deliberately wreck her husband's career to gratify her silly vanity in being flattered, this poor little selfish idiot thinks she is showing how much she loves.

An older woman, remonstrating with this young wife, said to her:

"Once my husband had a big offer in a business war that necessitated his going away to a place where he could not take me, and stay three years. It meant everything to him in the way of advance. He left the decision to me, and I packed him up and sent him off without ever letting him see anything but a smile on my face."

"You don't love your husband like I love mine," said the young wife.

"No," replied the older woman with quiet scorn. "I didn't love my husband like you love yours. I loved him enough to be willing to make a stepping stone out of my bare heart for him to climb up on, if he needed it."

Mother love is supposed to be the purest and most unselfish love in the world, but how often do you see a mother sacrificing her children to the pleasure she finds in their society? She may know that it is for their good to leave her, but she will not let them go.

Not one of us but who could point to a dozen old maids, exclaiming out a bare existence at sewing or teaching or keeping boarders, living the barest and most tormented lives, who are the victims of selfish mothers who would not let them marry when they were young, because their husbands would have taken them away.

And every village has its unsung martyr of a man, clanking at a starvation wage, whose mother shut the door of opportunity in his face when he was a boy and she wept and begged him not to take the offer he had to do, in a wider field, far from home. And these mothers ruthlessly sacrificed their children on the altar of their own selfishness in the name of love.

The in-law question, which is the

cause of more real misery and domestic unhappiness than anything else on earth, is nothing more nor less than the result of self love. A man's mother is sure that she adores her son. His wife is certain that she worships her husband. Yet if the misguided man tries to put the two to living together they fight like cats and make his life unbearable because neither mother nor wife loves him enough to sacrifice her own little ways and opinions enough to get along with the other woman in order to make him happy and his home peaceful.

Jealousy is often excused on the ground that it is inspired by love. Some even go further and say there can be love without jealousy. That is true as regards self love, but real love knows no jealousy, it triumphs in his or her triumphs, and it is made happy by whatever gives pleasure to its beloved.

Real love has in it no room for mistrust, or suspicion. It could not doubt its idol and still worship it. It is above the pettiness and greediness that would seek to monopolize every thought and interest of the one it loves. It is not true love, but self love that makes a man turn green-eyed if his wife shows frank pleasure in the society of some interesting man who happens to be at her dinner party, or that makes a wife go into hysterics if her husband dances twice with a pretty woman at a party.

No. Love is not a state of feeling. It is a state of action. We are bluffers when we talk of loving a person yet do that person a more deadly wrong than hatred itself could invent. I know women who prate incessantly of their love for their husbands, but who are killing them with their bad cooking, and harassing them into the grave with their extravagance.

I know men who make a great virtue of their absolute devotion to their wives, yet who never give them a penny to spend as they please, and who raise rows over every bill that make the women wish they were dead. I know other men who, to gratify their own temper and spleen, sky cruel and insulting things to the wives they profess to love, and who have never done one single thing since they were married to make their wives happy.

Oh, there's plenty of love of the kind poets and romancers tell of, the love that takes itself out in fine, high sounding words, and stoppy sentimentality, but of the real love that prefers another before itself there is very little. Such affection is as scarce as hens' teeth, and its price is above rubles.

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Dorothy Dix's articles appear regularly in this paper every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES

Milk Baths
In Quo VADIS, there is a passage describing the driving of a flock of milk goats from Rome to a seashore summer palace of the Roman Emperor Nero. Poppaea, his wife, bathed daily in goat's milk; her cream-white skin, her wonderful complexion, her delicate beauty, it was alleged, came from this daily bath.

Historians and researchers into the lives of the wealthy men and women of those days, show an almost unimaginable luxury and a love of beauty. We of to-day with our scientifically prepared creams and perfumes, have not yet attained the splendor of those we look upon as almost barbarians. They went through the most elaborate bathing process daily, and the women bathed in rich milk.

No doubt it was fattening. Some of the oils and fats that all good milk contains, must have been absorbed by the skin. The acids also bleached and gave that lovely milky tint so much desired by women of all these centuries. Indeed, such baths are beautifying, but with the price of milk going steadily upwards, there are very few who can afford such care.

However, a pint of milk would make a very good face wash. A pint of buttermilk in a basin, can be used several times to bathe the face, and it will bleach the skin, and often remove freckles. Pure sweet milk should also help make the skin soft and white. Every woman who can afford it, will find a daily wash with warm milk extremely beneficial.

Questions and Answers
The hair in the nape of my neck grows down too much. I want to know if I draw my hair high, which style is more becoming to me—my hair looks very nicely at the nape of my neck. Can you suggest anything to remove it? (Do you advise cutting it short and binding it with cord, and give this and I fancy you would not want the bother of that. If the hairs are too fine and too short to be kept up by a hair net, cut them and use hair cream on them each night. Then they will come in coarser and longer and can be caught up with a net or pin.)

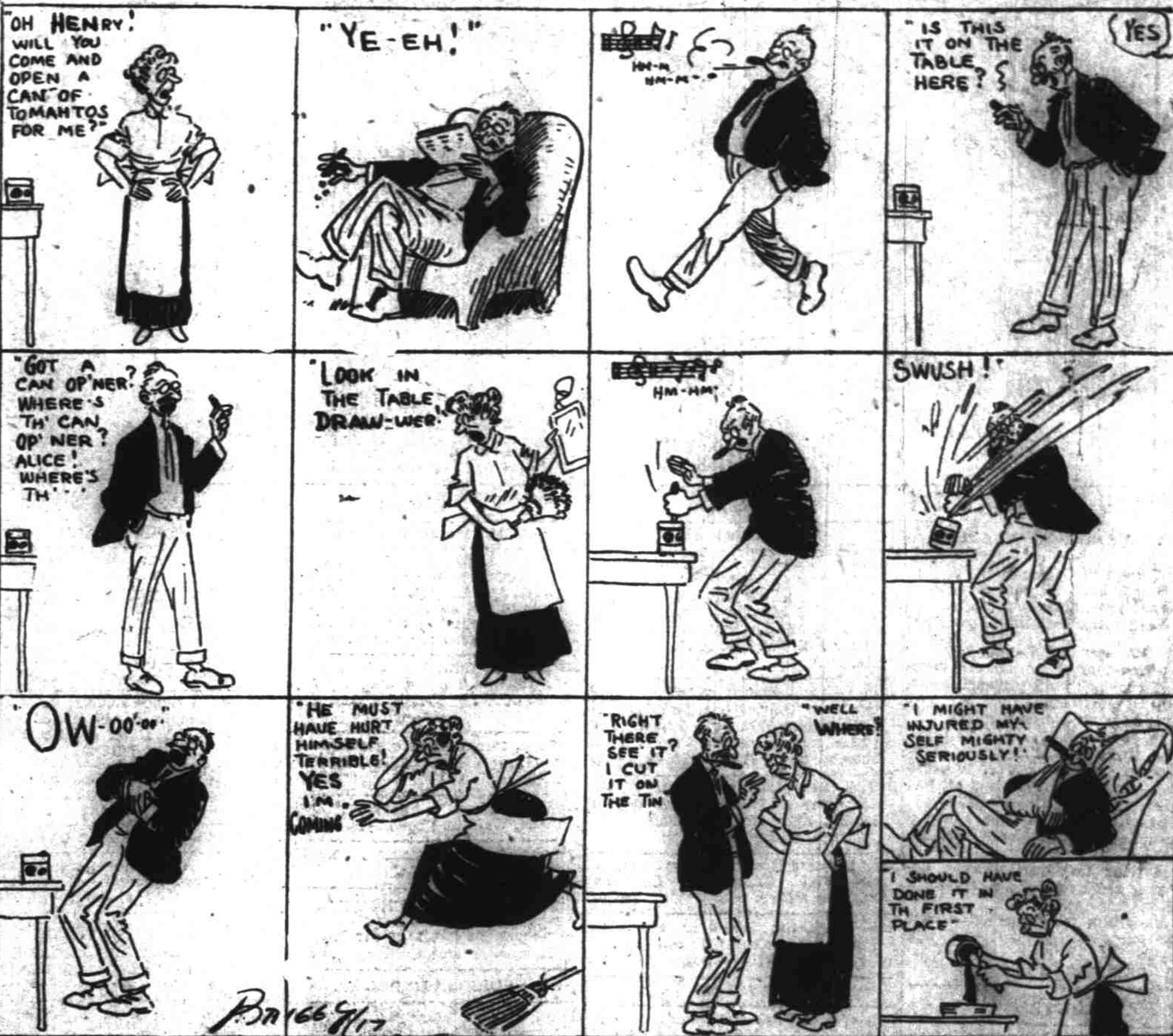
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The Red Cross

calls for surgeons. The need for Chiropodists in the base hospitals is one that should be seen, and their professional services utilized.

A Handy Man Around the House

By BRIGGS



LAND IS SECURED FOR EXPERIMENTS IN AGRICULTURE

Plots of land for experiments and demonstrations in agriculture are being obtained and set aside on different parts of Oahu by John M. Watt, the food commissioner's county agent for this island. Already two or three such tracts have been turned over to the agent by the owners without charge, for such work.

On these plots Watt will plant varieties of certain staple vegetable, grain and forage crops, giving them treatment which growers in those sections can apply conveniently to their own fields. An effort will be made to ascertain the staples which can be produced commercially and profitably by the average farmer or livestock man.

One of the most important features, however, will be the demonstration of various treatments for prevention or checking of blights and pests.

"I found a farmer the other day who was spraying his potatoes with a highly expensive, patented preparation that he sent all the way to Chicago for," Watt says. "A cursory examination proved that this was nothing more than a quite common chemical, which the farmer might have purchased at a Honolulu pharmacy for one-third or one-fourth the money he paid the Chicago people."

"This same man refused to have anything to do with Bordeaux mixture, the best known spray for tubers, because he had ill luck with it 10 or 15 years ago. He probably had used the undiluted mixture, which would kill his plants, of course. But he is not going to take my word for this; I'll have to prove to him that Bordeaux will do the work he wants done."

ORPHANS' FUND REACHES \$26,000

The French orphans' fund reached a grand total of over \$26,000, according to the report of Mrs. A. G. Hodgins, with the last 20 subscriptions of the 500 which go as a gift to the French people in honor of Marshal Joffre.

Those subscribing to the fund to complete the 500 were: Mrs. Mettie L. Scott, Mrs. George C. Watt, St. Andrew's priory, Mrs. Edith S. Malt, Mrs. W. D. Adams, Mrs. James Wilder, Miss Mary E. Merrill, C. G. 25th Infantry, at Schofield Barracks; Com panies C, B, G, I, K, L, M and the headquarters company of the 32nd Infantry; Miss Edith Emma Floggett, Miss Dorothea Floggett and Miss Margaret Floggett.

Further contributions to the fund will be solicited, says Mrs. A. G. Hodgins, who has been treasurer of the committee in charge of the movement, the first five hundred merely completing the gift in honor of Marshal Joffre.

ORDER Saturday's Star-Bulletin. THE PROGRESS EDITION

POSTAL GUIDES TO BE CHANGED

Postmaster D. H. MacAdam announces he has received advice from the postoffice department that beginning with next month's issue the annual Official Postal Guide will be sold to the public in the complete cloth-bound edition only, experience having shown that the demand for the other editions is too small to justify their sale.

This Guide contains three complete

lists of postoffices, one arranged alphabetically, one by states, and one by states and counties; a list of postoffices discontinued during the previous three years; a list of postoffices of the first, second and third classes, with salaries of postmasters; and a large quantity of general postal information covering a wide range of topics of interest to the public, as well as rules and instructions for the guidance of postal employees.

Supplements, issued monthly except in July, contain latest changes regarding the postal service and keep the annual edition up to date.

Remittances for subscriptions should be made by money orders payable to "Disbursing Clerk, Postoffice Department, Washington, D. C." Currency is sent at sender's risk. Post-

age stamps, foreign money, defaced or smooth coin will not be accepted. The guides will not be ready for distribution until the latter part of July, but subscriptions should be filed as soon as possible to enable the department to place orders for the publication. Copies of the Postal Guide and monthly supplements may be examined at any postoffice.

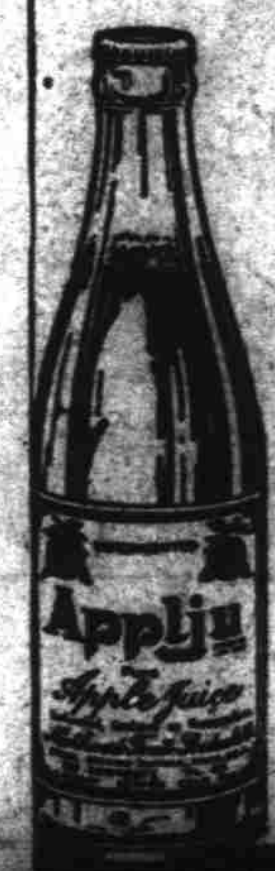
"Every merchant in Honolulu should have a Postal Guide," said the postmaster today. "We have application blanks at the postoffice for them."

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Mother knows it's good!

She gives the youngsters Applju after school—and sometimes between meals. A glassful takes the place of several apples. Applju is in season the whole year.



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